

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### RECOLLECTIONS.

My mother's face! how often rise  
Its features to my mental eye,  
When silence all around me lies,  
And fancy to the past will fly.  
At times—her look I may forget  
While lost in worldly joy or pain,  
But at the musing moment—yet  
Those features will return again.  
They take me back to vanished hours,  
And all my childhood's sunny bowers.  
My mother's form!—how many an hour,  
While wandering by this sylvan shore,  
Or musing in sequestered bowers,  
Remembrance spreads her mantle o'er,  
And then that form before me brings  
A crowd of half-forgotten things.  
My mother's name! if ever—when  
The laugh and jest are passing round,  
I chance to hear it spoken, then—  
What power is in its solemn sound!  
For like a knell the voice must be  
Which breathes again that name to me—  
My mother's voice!—where'er I roam  
Its cadence comes upon my ear,  
And often in another's tone,  
Methinks that very voice I hear,  
Then thoughts upon my spirit press,  
Which mourn its own loneliness.  
I gaze in vain upon the brow,  
Of one who kindred left behind;  
But there is not one feature now  
Like that which once my mind  
In fancy's eye I find a trace  
Of what was once my mother's face.  
I cherish still its features seen  
In faces that are composed by art,  
But ever shall their semblance be  
Engraved deep upon my heart. SYLVIA.

### THE DEATH OF THE TRAPPER.

SUGGESTED FROM THE FAIRLIE.

He died,  
And oh! it was no common tribute which  
The mighty monarch, who spares none, received  
When he gave up his lease of lengthen'd life.  
How noble, awful, and sublime his death—  
Pain had not sever'd that mysterious tie,  
Which to the binds the immortal soul;  
But nature weary grown, yielded at last  
To the destroying angel of his God.  
The young and gallant chief, whom he had call'd  
The son of his adoption, one hand clasp'd,  
The other held that of the descendant  
Of his ancient friend, his faithful dog  
Was lying at his feet, lifeless, yet seeming  
In his view to live; he was unconscious  
That his trusty friend had paid the debt which  
All that's mortal owe unto the author  
Of their fleeting lives; his was fast ebbing;  
His eye had lost its brightness, and his arm  
The vigour which in youth had strengthened it.  
At times, a beam of intellect reviv'd,  
Would light his features, and again illumine  
His death contracted brow; he then would speak  
Of youthful days, and of his coming death;  
Till where his father slept, and humbly pray'd  
Some stone might tell where he himself should  
Sleep.  
That future generations might derive  
A knowledge that a man like him had liv'd,  
A man like him had died.  
He paused,  
And silence hung around him; then again  
His face ream'd a glow of healthfulness,  
His eye its brightness, and his arm its strength,  
Raising his unbent form, as in obedience  
To some mighty call, "Here," cried the ancient  
one,  
And sink again into his humble seat,  
Then into slumber calm, as infants sleep,  
But ne'er to wake again. SELIM.

### SUNRISE.

Duskness is past—the midnight gloom that hung  
Brooding in silence o'er a slumbering world,  
The solemn curtain that o'er earth was hung—  
Gives place where morning's gay drest flag un-  
furled.  
Waves o'er the amber sea in golden pride,  
While formless messengers on moon-tipt wing  
Scam on the orient atmosphere to glide,  
The gladd'ning heralds of the coming king.  
And bright and glorious are the beams that break  
In gorgeous splendor up the twilight sky,  
Reflecting down upon the still blue lake,  
Or lighting up the mountain steep on high.  
How lush is he to fancy's heaven-fraught powers,  
Who sleeps the time of early morn away;  
Who gives to slumbering indolence the hours  
Of joy's effulgence, of approaching day!  
For here my virtue see her hallow'd shrine  
Lit by the purest beams of holiness,  
Deck'd by the brightest wreaths that joy can twine,  
While every breath speaks purity and bliss;  
And oh! 'tis like that one dear ardent smile  
That breaks upon the soul in earlier years,  
The glowing tint that gleams a little while  
On youth's fair morn, bedew'd with love's warm  
tears.  
And brighter now the lustrous glow is spread,  
Kindling afar the gladness of his ray,  
Who rising glorious from his wave-wrapt bed,  
Meets the warm smile that hails the welcome  
day.  
For many a one with care and grief oppress'd,  
Has watch'd with anxious eye the coming dawn,  
To whom the wakeful pillow gave no rest,  
For whom no veil of kind repose was drawn.

Thus when the soul afflicted and forlorn  
Has sunk beneath oppressive sorrow's night,  
Shall burst the radiance of hope's bright morn,  
Shedding around her gleams of holy light.  
And thus when slumbering in the darkling gloom  
Of death, and all that is has pass'd away,  
The sun of life shall rise upon the tomb,  
And spread the beams of an immortal day.  
MINSTREL OF MANAYUNK.

### THE LADIES' FRIEND.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF TASTE.

A female of cultivated taste has an influence upon society wherever she moves. She carries with her that secret attractive charm which operates like magic upon the beholder, fixes the attention and softens the feelings of the heart like those benign influences over which we have no control. It is impossible to be long in her presence without feeling the superiority of that intellectual acquirement which so dignifies her mind and person. Her words and actions are dictated by its power, and give ease and grace to her emotions. The cultivation of a correct taste is so joined in affinity with the social affections, that it is almost impossible to improve the one without affecting the other. For it is seldom that we see this resplendent qualification attached to minds under the influence of moral principles, neglectful of those social feelings which cement society together, and preserve it from jarring innovations. It is useful in every department of life; and more of our happiness is derived from this source than we are often aware of.

Look at domestic scenes with a discerning eye, and see the movements of a woman of taste. If she is the head of a family, order appears to be the first law which governs and controls her actions. All her affairs are planned with wisdom; confusion and discord never disturb her mind. Her house is the seat of social happiness, where the stranger and friend can repose with delight for neatness, and order are the inmates of her habitation. The proud pedant may boast of her superiority in the literary world; yet, if she is destitute of that delicacy which softens and dignifies the female character, she must certainly yield up her ascendancy over the moral world, to that woman (who, perhaps, in science is greatly her inferior,) who has, by a constant attention to this criterion of the female character, acquired that knowledge of the propriety of conduct which regulates her action, and causes her to shine by her own lustre. When this faculty is cultivated, the best use is made of every thing which surrounds us. The moral, intellectual, and physical world, presents a volume ever open for instruction; and subjects adapted to the capacity for improvement, are always selected by her correct taste for meditation and reflection. The beautiful and sublime, are contemplated with increasing pleasure, and every object which strikes the eye affords matter for improvement, and is monopolized to the best advantage.

A woman of taste can render a cottage far more desirable than a palace without her; for if providence has been less bountiful to her of rich gifts, yet, by the influence of this superior faculty, the eye is made to rest with the same delight upon that arrangement of its goods, as if abundance had been poured into her lap. The direction of the female mind is not made to depend upon that variety of scientific pursuits as many might conclude, but more upon certain incidents or associations which take in early life. Multiplicity of objects confuses the mind and leaves it embarrassed; when if a plain and simple subject was unfolded with perspicuity and ease, the mind would readily embrace the truth, and a channel of correct thinking would be open which it could pursue, with steadiness and perseverance. The taste thus early cultivated, will unite with the more vigorous faculties of the understanding, and blend together until the character is formed. The grand object in view relative to the female character is moral beauty; and in my opinion, the early cultivation of taste, with a proper attention to the understanding, heart, and social affections would make the nearest approaches to this scene of human knowledge, for which the female character was designed. It is to be lamented that persons of piety should consider this subject of little importance compared with others, when others are so much affected by it. True piety and virtue would shine with double lustre where the faculty of taste is properly regarded.

### THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

The following singular account of the funeral of a celebrated beauty, in her day, who was called Kate Cannon, at which the chief mourners were her two husbands, is taken from an English newspaper for the year 1752. It is in the letter from the Mayor of Colchester, dated Aug. 15, 1752.

"Perhaps you have heard that a chest was seized by our custom-house officers, which was landed near this place a fortnight ago. They took it for smuggled goods, though the person who brought it produced the King of France's signature to Mr. Williams, Hamburg, merchant. Our custom-house people, not satisfied with Mr. Williams's account, refused to let the chest pass, and were going to run his hanger into it, when the gentleman to whom it belonged clapt his hand upon his sword, and desired him, in French, to desist, for it was the corpse of his dear wife. Not content with this, the officers plucked off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The gentleman, who appeared in the utmost agonies of consequence, was in the utmost agonies, while they made a spectacle of the lady, who was placed in the church, were any body might come and look at her; nor would they suffer him to bury her till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, jewels, &c. belonging to the deceased. He acknowledged, at last, that he was a person of quality, and his name not Williams, but that he was born in Florence, and that the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and she desired to be buried in France; that he had brought her from Verona in Italy, to France, by land; then hired a vessel for Dover, discharged her there, and took another for Norwich, but was drove hither by contrary winds. This account did not satisfy the people. He must tell his name and condition, in order to clear himself of a suspicion of murder. He was continual in tears, and had a key of the vestry, where he constantly sat with the corpse. He talked both Latin and French, and finding a gentleman to converse with him in these languages, he (to his great surprise) told him the lady was, which proving to be a person he knew, he could not help un-

covering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed that he was the Earl of Rosbury's eldest son, Lord Dalmy; that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he fell passionately in love with this lady, in London, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom, and marry him; that having had health, he had travelled with her all over Europe; and when she was dying she asked for pen and paper, and wrote, 'I am the wife of the Rev. Mr. G., rector of St. in Essex, my maiden name was G. Cannon, and my last request is, to be buried at Th—'

"The poor gentleman who last married her protests he never knew, till this confession on her death bed, that she was the wife of another person; but, in compliance with her desire, he brought her over and should have buried her at Th— (if the corpse had not been stopped,) without making any other about it. After the nobleman had made this confession, they sent to the Rev. Mr. G. who put himself first into a passion, and threatened to run her last husband through the body. However, he was prevailed on to be calm; it was represented to him, that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire, and Mr. G. at length consented to see him. This meeting was very moving, and they addressed each other very civilly. The stranger protested that his affection to the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish, not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up for ever with her there. He had a very handsome coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it; and at last was very loth to part with her to have her buried in the soil. This Sunday in a deep mourning, and the next Sunday in a coach, attended the corpse to Th—, where Mr. G. met it in like manner. After the funeral, Mr. G. attended him to London, where they parted very civilly."

### RECOLLECTIONS OF PARIS.

The Palais Royal.

The Palais Royal! that wonderful epitome of every thing that is splendid and detestable, and luxurious and virtuous in the world! The entrance is from the Rue St. Honoré, through large iron gates guarded by soldiers; after passing these, a vestibule enriched with exquisite specimens of sculpture, the visitor arrives at the palace itself, which is in the form of an immense parallelogram, the central portion being open to the Heures, and the sides consisting of splendid buildings, of 5 stories in height. The lower story is divided into ranges of shops, where are exposed in the most tempting manner, books, pictures, jewellery, china, glass, &c. so that the eye is continually dazzled in the variety, and dazzled with their magnificence. In front of these shops, is a large and beautiful colonnade, separated from the open square, by iron railings, with gates at proper intervals; the roof is skylighted, (it may call a vault) and supported by slender and graceful pillars—it is here that the Parisians resort in the evening "pour l'amusement." The lower story is divided into ranges of shops, where are exposed in the most tempting manner, books, pictures, jewellery, china, glass, &c. so that the eye is continually dazzled in the variety, and dazzled with their magnificence. In front of these shops, is a large and beautiful colonnade, separated from the open square, by iron railings, with gates at proper intervals; the roof is skylighted, (it may call a vault) and supported by slender and graceful pillars—it is here that the Parisians resort in the evening "pour l'amusement." The lower story is divided into ranges of shops, where are exposed in the most tempting manner, books, pictures, jewellery, china, glass, &c. so that the eye is continually dazzled in the variety, and dazzled with their magnificence. In front of these shops, is a large and beautiful colonnade, separated from the open square, by iron railings, with gates at proper intervals; the roof is skylighted, (it may call a vault) and supported by slender and graceful pillars—it is here that the Parisians resort in the evening "pour l'amusement."

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cession was engaged to honor his day. Par-taking little in such feeling, we let the col-ours wave, without further notice; nor would they have occupied our thoughts again, had we not, in passing the building about noon, observed that the sober quiet of business was set aside by the noise of feasting and mirth; and if we felt astonished in the morning, at the outthrusting of a flag, much more were we surprised that the right forward course of business should be checked in mid-day, the sober living of mechanic employment doled for the giving of merriment; and this at neither new moon nor appointed time. Shortly afterwards, we discovered a lid emerging from the door; his very countenance betokened holiday; there was no necessity for his cleanly habits to give notice of a cessation from employment.

"And what, my child," said we, "is the mirth doing in the rooms above stairs? Why have you banished your colours today? The boy stopped short in his errand, and whether it was the gleam of our garments, contrasting the sickly paleness of the visage, or whether mirth had yielded to melancholy, we pretend not to say, but a transient gloom shot across his youthful visage, and the lambent fire of his eye was for a moment dimmed.

We would not, though melancholy be our food, we would not be the cause of a moment's pain in 'human breast,' though it should ease us for ever from our load—God forbid. If misfortune hath mingled sorrow and disappointment in our cup, why should we, vampire like, draw forth the life blood of another's pleasure, or bring down to us, like the faded lily of the east, a withering and a deadly shadow? We renewed our questions to the lad. The light cloud had passed away from his face, and joy was again peeping from under his eye-lids. "Does your master give a feast to-day?" "No," replied he, "his William."

And whose William?  
"Why, our William," replied the boy, "William P—."

And why does William leave business to give a feast?  
"Oh! William is one-and-twenty to-day, you know, and this is his freedom treat!"

We knew no such thing, until the littleurchin told us; but we could not find it in our hearts to profess ignorance of what he appeared to think every body knew; so, thanking the child and bidding him good morning, we suffered him to proceed. We did not offer him a farthing as a compensation for detention; for what would have been his noble contents of our collapsing purse, to the overflowing treasures of his festive heart? The pockets of Timon to the boards of Cæsus.

Instead of pursuing our course, as business suggested, we stepped across the street, and leaning against the silent points of a door frame, gazed in upon the festive scene as far as its height would permit. There were assembled a large number of young men of William's age, and here and there the thickly covered head of an individual, denoted that years had not made its possessor forget the feelings of youth. Numbers of the joyous crowd passed and repassed the windows, open to the floor; every face gave token of enjoyment. As group after group came and went, we looked anxiously for the form of William; at length he stood full in our view; we had never seen him before; yet there was no difficulty in distinguishing him from the many of his own age around him. They all talked, but his conversation seemed to be confined to the passing scene. The movements of all were light and active, such as became their age and settled health; his steps were buoyant, and occasionally rapid; the others eat and drank; he was active, but neither food nor the cup was in his hand. He made the circuit of the room repeatedly, and once as he was approaching the window, those who accompanied him, turned short towards the table, and William stepped forward;—he stood then alone, full in our view. Why it was that we felt a peculiar interest in him, we know not; though his were a firm and comely countenance to arrest attention. The muscular firmness of his frame, gave no awkwardness to his movements or appearance; and there was in his features something that denoted superiority in almost every pursuit to which business or inclination might direct him; and if the thickness of his neck had not imparted something peculiar, Canova himself would have taken his bust as a model for an Apollo.

"Strength and fair proportion set upon his limbs."

While these reflections were passing through our mind, the smile banished from the lip of William, and the soft gladness of the eye faded away. A cloud of more than melancholy rested upon his face—it was almost anguish. We watched the movements of his eyes—he did not lower them; he gazed, but with an elevated look—he was thinking of years to come. Hitherto, amid the crowd of friends, he had only felt that the chain of dependence was broken. One single solitary moment, had brought with it thoughts of independence, a care for its support. The fluctuation of times, and the consequent changes of business, might snatch from him the means of maintenance, and make him sigh for the labour which had hitherto been a burthen. But the cloud, deep and dark as it settled upon him, soon passed off, and hope and gladness beamed again upon his face: for what has health and youth to do with sombre anticipations? Experience will settle the early furrow upon the brow, and scatter the

untimely frost upon the head. Why should youth anticipate 'the evil days'?

Some time afterwards we saw William, the soul of the social board; he had a fund of anecdotes and a soul of song. He was, therefore, more than welcome to all celebrations.

Returning home some two or three weeks since from a walk into the borders of the city, we followed a few mourners into a burying place, and before the limited procession had gathered round 'the narrow house,' we enquired the name of the deceased.—It was William! His very name, and the thinness of the procession told the whole tale; his gaiety of habit, his companionship, his delight in mirth and his power of diffusing it, had led him to company, to a neglect of business, to dissipation, the intoxicating chalice, whose ingredient is a devil, had prostrated the power of the young man, and brought him to an early grave; but not till he had planted thorns, for whose rankling neither time nor joy hath a balm.

We drew up into the circle that had the deep grave and the coffin for its centre.—The aged mother was resting on the arm of a distant relation; we saw not her face, her whole frame was paled with grief, and her form was bowed down as her spirit had long been.

The grey-headed minister commenced the simple 'service of the dead,' with an address, composed chiefly of admonitions to the living, here and there a sentence of consolation to the afflicted was thrown in, but the memory of him who lay stretched in his shroud and coffin before them needed no blessing.

Our blessed religion furnishes its comfort to the smitten and crushed, from stores of hopes in future blessings, and in the consolation that present affliction shall work out an 'exceeding weight of glory'; but it gives no right to embalm the unrighteous, with commendations for virtues, which if they did not despise, they had not courage to practice. When the officiating clergyman with the freedom which his sacred office, and his many years sanctioned, admonished the young around him, by the early grave before them, to avoid the errors which opened it, and which broke the widowed heart of a doating mother, the hysterical sobs of the wretched parent drew all attention from the speaker. The grief-stricken woman no longer covered her visage, or stifled the expression of her grief. From the hour she saw life steal off from the convulsed lip of her only son, she gave herself up to lamentation. When they laid him in his coffin she attempted to school her heart to that quietude which the open grave and its imposing solemnities demand. She heard in silence the holy man denounce sin as the parent of death, and death as the lot of all on earth, she felt that it had now no terrors for her, since it laid so low the way of her earthly hopes—but, when, even coffined, her son had no virtues praised, when, as he lay before her, in the cold unfeeling silence of death, his errors were made a beacon, a mother's feelings were not to be restrained—her affections looked beyond the few months of his unoffending career—she called up the virtues of his boyhood, those blossoming promises of many excellences she brought close to her heart the kind obedience, the willing sacrifice of her darling—she remembered, and when did a mother ever forget, the blooming beauty of her boy, the light eye, the shining forehead, and its over clustering curls—these came gushing upon her memory; and he lay now stretched out upon the earth, a festering and offensive corpse, and even the blessings of funeral praise denied.

The address was abruptly closed—and prayer commenced, it calmed down the turbulent grief of the mother, and sighs succeeded to wailings. When man speaks to man of errors, and their consequences, he mocks his maker if he palliates the crime; but when he turns from earth, and carries up the offences and the grief to the foot of mercy, it is good then that the consecrated intercessor plead the weakness of the erring mortal, and the long suffering of an indulgent providence, and if the smitten object of his prayers is bowing down beside him in anguish, waiting till the gush of grief shall have passed off, that resignation may have place—mercy, pardon and the healing comforts may be demanded—they were, and we gazed full upon the face of the mother, which had lately been moistened with tears, and distorted by clamorous grief—it was calm, placid as the countenance of sleeping infancy.—As we were looking upon the mother, a slight sigh on the right drew our attention. The spectators of the scene were generally giving that heed which such times and such occasions demand, but the sadness of their countenances showed them rather sympathetic, than suffering mourners. One individual, however, turned an exception. It was a young female neatly and modestly clad—her appearance was such as to rivet our attention, she was gazing intently on the coffin as it rested before her, with painful intensity. Her ashly visage was not marked with a single tinge of colour, and her inflamed eyes yielded no drop of moisture—there was a tremulous motion on her lip, but in all else, she stood a fixed statue of despair.

When the service had ended, they laid the coffin upon the slender cords, and lowered it down and rattling down into the narrow cave—a gush of agony burst from the mother's heart, she leaned over the grave and sprinkled the coffin of her William with her tears.

Not a tear, however, sprung to the eye of the younger female—the tremulous movement of her lips was increased, and she swallowed with strong exertions. The agonies of another moment would have been too painful for her frame—but, the little procession was formed anew and passed out of the yard.

What we had taken in the grave yard as an indication of comfort and confidence in the mother, was the result of other agonies: she submitted to the red—she bowed down her heart to Providence, but she felt that vital strings had been severed; and she thick cold shudders would soon be heaved. The heart did indeed beat slowly, and while the wheel of life trembled in its round, poor Mary—the whom we had noticed at the grave—bent over the bed in pious devotion, watching the waning away of life, and in three short days, felt the only thread severed that bound her to earth.

The recent grave of the mother is yet unsodden; and Mary—bright-eyed, cheerful, and the inwasting fire of woman's pride, are leaving her with a rapid course to the only shelter which earth has for her mortal life, and the only avenue to promised consolations: She is sinking hourly, and a few days will number her with the countless victims sacrificed by beauty's appetites to the March of ISTEHPERANCE.

### WILLIAM WALLACE.

THE HERO OF SCOTLAND.

Never, perhaps, was the name of any man more cherished by a people, than that of William Wallace by the Scottish nation. His exploits have been for ages the darling theme of all ranks of the people; and in those parts of the country where his adventures chiefly lay, there is scarcely a rocky rock, high fall of water, lonely cave, or other remarkable objects in nature, which is not designated by a name dear to every Scottish, youthful, and patriotic mind. The renowned Wallace, the life of Wallace, rank him not only among the first patriots of his nation, but among the first of all who have deserved that honorable appellation. He made his appearance in the theatre of active life, at a most interesting period. A disputed succession to the Scottish crown had been submitted to the decision of Edward the First of England. The office of umpire, gave the English King a fatal ascendancy over the Scottish nobles, and especially over the competitors for the crown. Bialid was preferred, on condition that he would acknowledge the dependence of Scotland upon the English Crown; but at last, under the mortification of repeated insults, he resigned the crown altogether into the hands of Edward, on the 24th of July, 1296. All Scotland was now overrun by an English army, and the government placed in the hands of the English deputies, who made it odious to the people by their exactions and oppressions. At this critical moment was the standard of freedom first unfurled by William Wallace, the younger son of a private gentleman, Wallace of Ellerslie. To great bodily strength and activity, and a courage which did not shrink in danger, he united an inventiveness of enterprise, a fertility of resources, and a generous gallantry of manner, well calculated to gain him authority over the rude and undisciplined multitude, who answered his patriotic call. In May, 1297, he began to instil the English quarters, and soon made his numbers formidable. The first person of note who joined him, was Sir William Douglas. When their united forces thus two allies attempted to surprise themselves, the English Judiciary, while holding a court at Stirling, but a precipitate flight disappointed them of their expected prey. After this, the patriotic band roved over the whole country, assailed castles, and slew the English garrisons they met with them. Several men of the highest rank among others joined the standard of freedom; among others Bruce, the Steward of Scotland and his brother, Sir Alexander de Lindsay, Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell, Nicholas Lunden, and Wishart, bishop of Glasgow. But unfortunately, they brought more splendour than real strength to the cause.

Wallace, though the master spirit of the whole enterprise, was of too humble a rank among the gentlemen of Scotland, to be readily acknowledged by them for their chief, and where merit like his was not recognized as the best title to supreme command, it is easy to conceive that the conflict of pretensions must have been endless. All the leaders claimed to be independent of each other; and to nothing, even of the most obvious advantage, could their common sentiment be enlisted. While the Scottish army, thus enfeebled by disease lay motionless at Irvine, a chosen and numerous body of forces, which had been sent from England by Edward, approached to give them battle. All the nobles and barons who had joined the party of Wallace, Sir Andrew Murray, of Bothwell, alone excepted, consented to treat with the English; and for themselves and their adherents, made submission to Edward. Wallace and Murray refused to have any concern with the ignominious capitulation, and collecting together a few faithful companions of their fortunes, retired indignantly towards the north. Under the conduct of these two able leaders, the patriot band soon recruited its numbers, and when the English advanced to Stirling, was prepared to dispute with them the passage of the Forth.

Warren, Earl of Surrey, the English general, imagining that Wallace might still be won over, despatched two agents to the Scottish camp proffering terms. "Return," said Wallace, "and tell your masters that we came not here to treat but to assert our rights, and to set Scotland free." "He defies us," cried the English, and impatiently demanded to be led on. The Scotch were encamped on the opposite side of the river to that occupied by the English, who, to approach them, had to defile over the long narrow bridge. As soon as the van of the English had crossed the bridge, and before they could turn themselves in order of battle, Wallace rushed down and broke them in a moment—many thousands were slain on the field, or drowned in attempting to recross the river. A general panic instantly seized the main body of the English, they set fire to the bridge, abandoned all the baggage, and did not cease their flight till they had reached Berwick, which they also speedily evacuated. The loss of the Scots would have been unnumberable, had they not numbered among their slain Sir Andrew Murray, the gallant and faithful companion of Wallace.







for a wager of 170 guineas, undertaken to walk six miles in the hour. The match was decided at Brighton, in his favour by two seconds only.

Mrs. M'Muller is now at Carlisle, where she has been walking ninety-two miles in twenty-four hours, for the amusement of the sick portion of the inhabitants.

Hopping—Jackson will to-morrow hop his match for 300 sovereigns, on Blackheath. The undertaking is to hop seventy-one yards in twenty hops. Twelve o'clock.

On Friday week, a boat, given by Mr. Keen, to be called the "Sir Giles-Overreach," will be rowed for at the Red House Tavern, Battersea, on which occasion Mr. Keen will appear in his canoe in the costume of an Indian Chief.

A case was tried before the Lord Chief Justice in London between Miss Graddon, the celebrated vocalist, and Mr. Price, manager of Drury Lane Theatre. It appeared that the plaintiff had been accustomed to play Caroline, in the opera of the siege of Belgrade; but that Mr. Price had seen fit to give the character to Mrs. Green. This excited Miss Graddon's anger, and when called upon at a subsequent meeting she refused to perform the character, for which she was fined 30*l*. The action was brought to recover from Mr. Price this sum. The jury gave a verdict of 20*l*. It was said, perhaps correctly, by the counsel for Mr. Price, that during the time she refused to perform the character, her ears before and behind the curtain were by no means the same.

An account of an extraordinary case of suicide is given in a paper published at Popayan, South America. A woman, 45 years of age, had for a long time conceived a design of burning herself alive, and, all her family being asleep, she entered an oven which was heated for the purpose of baking bread, and was immediately consumed.

New South Wales papers to the 11th February, give the particulars of a spirited action between the ship *Sisters*, Capt. Duke, and the ship *Wellington*, the latter had been seized by sixty-six convicts, banished from Sidney to Norfolk Island, who immediately commenced piracy, and ran down upon New Zealand, where the *Sisters* fell in with her, and engaged her for six hours, during which four of the pirates were killed, and the *Wellington* much damaged in her sails and hull.—Captain Duke, whose crew consisted of thirty men, then hailed and informed the pirates that if they surrendered, their lives would be saved, otherwise assisted by three hundred natives from the shore, he would put every soul of them to death. This threat had its effect. A great number escaped previous to the surrender, but he brought 34 prisoners into Sidney.

Gore's Liverpool Advertiser says—"It is gratifying to observe that all the accounts contained in the Provincial papers, as well from the manufacturing as from the agricultural districts are of the most favourable character. In the former, we find renewed activity, in the latter, every promise of an abundant harvest."

At the trials at Old Bailey, which took place last month, thirty-three convicts were sentenced to be hung for various offences—(among them a woman named Mary A. Allen, far advanced in pregnancy)—eighteen were transported for 14 years—94 to transportation for 7 years—several to imprisonment for various periods—and 46 were discharged by proclamation.

The house which Talma built in the street of the Tour des Dames, in Paris, has been sold for 160,000 francs.

Mr. Woodley was last week married to Mrs. Silk. It was a *threshold* union, the first being 82 and the latter 77.

It appears that 1,341 passengers have sailed from Newry since the opening of the season, for America, in 9 vessels.

Bread has become all peace and quietness since Mr. Canning's accession to power.

**JEWS HARP'S.**

A Mr. Fulestanz, a professor of the Spanish Guitar, in London, has improved this simple instrument in such a manner as to be able to produce upon it full and harmonious tunes, and combinations of tones, which have excited much admiration. He has arrived at this perfection by inventing a method whereby four harps can be used at the same time.—He connects them by a silk thread, and places two on each hand, so that they are held between the lips. The four tongues are struck at the same time, or singly, and the breath acts upon them so as to vary and prolong the notes in a delightful manner. The music thus produced, has been compared to the sound of the harp, and to some tones of the finest musical snuff boxes, while it sometimes swells forth with the rich melody of a distant choir.

A steam boiler belonging to an engine in a dyeing shop in Ipswich, lately exploded with great violence, and with a report equal to that of a 36 pounder. The boiler was driven through a strong wall, into a neighbouring garden, and the fireman was killed, apparently by the concussion of the air; his body exhibiting no external marks of violence.

**EVENING POST.**

**PHILADELPHIA.**

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1827.**

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"To Marika," R. E. B. M.—"Desultory Thoughts, No. 2." OCTAVIAN: A Biographical Sketch, &c." by Sir RICHARD DOBELL.—"Melancholia and Pacificus." PAUL: "Amation," an essay. G. W. O.—"The Solved." REDMOND: "The Religion of the Future." REDMOND: a clever article against the "Emancipated" in which they can be more carefully examined.

We shall not pretend to answer "PATER" immediately—his question requires a very close analytical calculation.

Our thanks are due to "ARCOLA," for the polite manner in which he tenders his services to promote the interest and circulation of the "Casket," and also for the two beautiful Poems which accompanied his friendly offer—we are gratified by his promise of becoming a regular contributor—his pieces have been universally admired.

Our friend Mr. T. Snowden, of the N. York National Advocate, will accept our thanks for the favour of a file of late English papers; extracts from them will be found under the proper head.

The observations that we have found it necessary to make, from time to time on the subject of different systems of policy, have led us to examine the causes which induce the extension of this country to seize with such manifest avidity, proposals for mediating their condition. It cannot surely be, that the state of society among us is so depraved that the virtuous would avoid contact with their more numerous neighbours, or that virtue has assumed such a straight robe that innocent pleasure cannot lap in it! there is it then that the sources of our trade is dried up, that the means of occupation are sought for in vain, that the policy of the nation has cut off the avenues to honest gains, or, that our population has exceeded the means of support? We find, on a slight survey of our situation generally, that none of those things can operate with such lamentable effect—yet surely it will not be denied, that there are those among us, who start at every proposal issuing the common necessities of life, as if poverty had set up her throne among us, and desolation and famine were sweeping with the beam of destruction—and men are saying to! here, and to! there, with reference to new communities, as if their neighbours had said to them "yesterday I saw my child for you to eat, to day give us thine." There is nothing, we are persuaded, in the present state of affairs, to warrant the feelings of those disaffected, and those

## EPITOME OF NEWS

must be enforced, that the essence of this discipline is by a means beyond discovery.

It is vain—we speak from observation, and we have possessed abundant means of noting with correctness; it is vain to look for a prosperous age from neglected youth—and those who think that when the fire of youth has subsided, virtuous and honorable manhood will succeed without the aid of direction and discipline, know little of the effects of habit upon the human mind, and can scarcely have profited by experience.—If parents desire to see in their children the successful exertion of moral and physical energies that distinguished the last age, they must remember that with themselves and not with their offspring, rests the possibility. Habits of implicit obedience in childhood, as necessarily succeed the ability of commanding in age, as youth does manhood; and those who look forward to the completion of their hopes in their children, and set up for them no bright examples of past greatness as a synonyme for their offspring, should not unfrequently enquire whether they have subjected their children to the same rigid discipline, mental and physical, that laid the foundation of that greatness and goodness which they so much admire.

The first efforts of children should be directed towards usefulness, and that usefulness should be obvious to the juvenile agent. A steady application to school tasks, and a familiarity with school discipline must follow, and when a college or an apprenticeship is sought, the effect of this early discipline will be most evident. But much of the advantage of early impressions is lost by new associations when our lads enter upon apprenticeships, and here often commences those courses which defeat the purpose for which apprenticeship was sought—the leisure afforded by the indulgence of the master, or the customs of "the trade," is abused and converted into dissipation and ineffectual riot; the will and taste for higher and more extensive faults are acquired to be exercised when the means are within command—the Sabbath is generally used as a day of recreation, upon the apparently plausible plea that six days labour demands not merely rest but amusement on the seventh—what is the result of this labour by compulsion, and this dissipation from taste? when manhood is attained, and the little restraint imposed by the master's authority is no longer felt, and labour becomes that episode in employment which amusement once formed—the unbridled appetite is gratified, and the season which should be employed in laying a solid foundation for future competence and public action, is wasted in idle amusements, to say the least, and often in gross debaucheries, which forbid the possibility of an acquisition of wealth—as it effectually precludes public confidence and esteem. We need not pursue this subject further—neglected youth will lead to idle manhood—idleness is the father of crime.

Another consequence of a want of proper discipline for youth, is that confidence which is ever so much an enemy to esteem as it is a sure indication of vanity. This early assumption of the Toga leads to precocious desires. It induces the lad to enter the path of manhood without an acquisition of that degree of judgment which years only can impart, and which is absolutely necessary for his guidance through the mazes which childish appetite and many liberty, the free opportunity and the uncoloured taste, certainly throws in his way.

This is an evil to be deeply deplored and carefully avoided; it is the cause of protracted difficulties and frequently of fatal vice, while in general it is the consequence of our winning fondness and neglected errors—would the indulgent father, the fond confidant, and all expecting mother, set down and trace a single fault of their darling, through all its probable consequences, by direct or immediate influence, would they follow it in thought, ripening into crime by its impurity, excusing by its extent lesser evils, by thus nourishing them to sin, overshadowing the slender weeds of ineffectual failing, till they grow rank, and flourishing in crime, expanding out, choking one virtue after another, throwing around a deadly shade, and sucking up the choicest moisture of the mind—till all become a wilderness of thorns, blossoming only to bitter and poisonous fruits, and interlocking its contagious branches till they become impervious to the rays of most light and heat—would parents consider these things, how impious upon them would they feel the duty of early discipline to their offspring.

But a correction for ordinary faults, for disobedience, and gross improprieties, is not sufficient to give that tone of mind which is necessary to a proper discharge of our duties in this life—or our full enjoyment of its blessings.—The love of obedience must be inculcated more than the fear of offence, or its very habit will become irksome, and its practice neglected when the stimulus of fear is relaxed.

In addition to the errors at which we have briefly hinted, and the consequent duties that rest on parents, we will notice one other which we think of great importance, and which can only be prevented by the constant watchfulness of parental love and parental firmness. We mean a certain restlessness of disposition that characterizes the natives of our country generally. We are not opposed to enterprizes, to a generous contest for gain, nor have we any markish morbid sensibility upon the subject of much wealth; a generous spirit for the good things of this life is suitable to our natures, and conducive to the well being of society—it gives a proper stimulant and direction to our minds, and thus prevents apathy or the phana of mischief.

But unhappily parents seldom correct a restlessness of mind which is observable in the young, and which constitutes that quality which in age is styled untidiness; they rarely attempt to impress upon children the advantages, or rather to enforce the lessons of contentment, and they grow up with little fixedness of purpose, seldom with a bent of mind sufficiently strong to accomplish a great object through severe difficulties; they, on the contrary, turn aside at slight obstructions, and seek other channels for profit and happiness, and when grown weary with the disappointments that result from lack of perseverance, they complain of the formation and principles of society, and seek in other regions and among other men, that success which is not dependent upon persons and place, but upon their own patience and perseverance. Variety may give zest to our pleasures, but it is fatal to our business—"like oft removed tree" rarely thrives—the parent soil is generally most favorable, and transplanted seldom benefits.—On the whole those who deplore the prevalence of errors, who are in the present generation a disposition to seek new plans, and neglect established customs, should endeavour to check the evil, by putting the strong rein of parental authority upon children yet uncontaminated, and directing them by precedent and example, and above all, warning them by the shipwreck of fame and fortune, which every day presents, that they may flee the evil that visits their path, and "make for those things" that concern their happiness.

*New Music*—Kerne, the well known composer, has lately composed airs to two very pretty songs—*"Love—art thou sleeping or waking?"*—and *"When rays of sorrow"*

**EPITOME OF NEWS.**

The American Automaton Chess Player is at Saratoga, and is expected shortly to visit Boston.

Mr. Mills, the editor of the Huntville Democrat, was shot in the streets of that town on the 23d ult. by Mr. McClung, with whom he had had a political controversy for some time. He was a Scotsman by birth, an able and excellent man. Mr. McClung has been indicted on the occasion.

A letter from New Orleans, dated the 22d ult., states that several cases of yellow fever had appeared, and that the persons had been removed to the hospital.

Lorenzo Dow, says the Buffalo Patriot on the 7th, the celebrated itinerant preacher, arrived in this village this morning, and preached to a large concourse of people who assembled on the occasion.

There is to be a State Convention in Trenton, on the 22d inst. for the purpose of revising the constitution of New Jersey.

The last New Brunswick Fredonian mentions the arrival of two ships at Perth Amboy from Canton in China with Teas and Silks belonging to Thomas H. Smith & Son.

The ship Mary, Fleming, of Philadelphia made her passage from Gibraltar to Valparaiso in about three days.

A man in Willson county, Tenn. writes to his friends in Paris, in that state, that his son James died on the 10th of June, and continued dead for half an hour, and had got cold when he was resuscitated, by blowing breath down his throat!

"What a thing!" Editor places beside a marriage notice the following sign and appends to the list a note:—"This sign will denote that we have been presented with a slice of cake."

Mr. George Lindenmuth, lost his life on Wednesday last, at Mount Carbon, by an untimely explosion of a charge of powder while he was preparing to blow rocks.

The citizens of New Orleans are to give Gen. Porter a Dinner evening.

In the encouragement of the Woolen manufacture, it appears that even the *scavenging* interest has a concern. It is stated that oil is an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of woolsens, from three to five gallons of spermatic oil being required in the preparation of every hundred pounds of wool for carding.

The Lancaster Intelligencer of Tuesday last says, "WINTER'S BATTLES," has been purchased by the County Commissioners—the title was executed on Wednesday last, and the money paid—26,000.

The treasurer of the New York and Schuylkill Coal Company has decamped, and the Company blown up. Report says, it is likely they may get under way again.

The London board of health announced on the 7th instant, that a respectable physician had communicated to them the existence of one case of *yellow fever* in that city.

We understand that the loan of 150,000 dollars to the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal has been all subscribed at a premium of one 1-100 per cent. The offers exceeded the sum required by a very considerable amount.

The North Carolina, 74, is to be laid up at Norfolk. She is not going to New York as has been stated.

The U. S. schr. Shark, capt. McKeever from New-York, bound to the coast of Labrador, was at Eastport 30th July, all well.

The Rev. M. H. Onderdonk, has recently been chosen Assistant Bishop of the Diocese of New-York.

The following are the numbers drawn from the wheel of the New York Consolidated Lottery, 5th class, for 1827, viz:—  
34—51—50—36—53—43—39—33.  
And the following are the numbers drawn from the wheel of the Vermont Lottery, 5th class, viz:—  
21—15—14—28.

The proprietor of Castle Garden, New York, among the fireworks for Tuesday evening gave a representation of the Falls of Niagara the torrent being composed of fire instead of the opposite element, *water*.

A lad, on delivering his milk a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm, "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put in warm water instead of cold."

In the list of letters remaining in the Post Office at Cincinnati, Ohio, we find the following:—  
"Bernard McNelly care of Robert Davis (twenty five miles from Cincinnati), Jersey settlement,—or elsewhere.

**THEATRICAL NOTICES.**

The Talbot street theatre is undergoing every material asked for its improvement. It has been thoroughly painted in a tasteful manner, and a commodious pit is being made in the place formerly occupied by the circus ring. Between the pit and the orchestra there will be a row of boxes, the admittance to which will be higher than to any other part of the house, as they will afford a much better opportunity of witnessing the performance, and the theatre is well understood, will open about the first of September.

The Theatre at Washington opens on Monday next, under the direction of Mr. Warren.

Mr. Hamblin is performing at the Bowery Theatre, New York. He appeared as Zanga, in the Hunchback, on Thursday evening.

The French company of Theatrical performers, at New York, is at least equal generally, to any other corps in the United States; and in the execution of operatics are far superior. If the company would in attempt to try the boards of Philadelphia for a limited series of nights, it is not improbable that their success in every respect would be complete, for it may be presumed that there are among us, thousands who like good music, and who understand the French language, and had the propensity of our citizens who understand that language, and would gladly attend at the performance of a French piece, is not inconsiderable.

Near seventy poems have been received for the opening of the Tremont theatre, Boston. The judging will decide in favour of one of them in a few days when the premium of 100 dollars will be awarded.

A new melodrama, called the Mill of the Lake, said to be from the pen of our countryman, Howard Payne, has been favourably received at the Surrey Theatre.

The French Foreign Theatre, which is building in Paris, is to be used alternately, by English and German performers.

A little comedy in six representation at Paris, called the Husband of five Years Old. Two children, about five years of age, ask their parents if they cannot be married. The father laughs them to scorn, and pretends to marry them. The two children are delighted at first, but they soon acquire a slight possession of a phylisium. They then complain to their mother, who, their parents, who grant them a divorce, to their great mutual satisfaction.—The dialogue of this piece, which is perfectly natural and characteristic, renders it extremely amusing. The intelligence of the two children, and the purity of the husband and wife, is said to be truly astonishing.

Keen played gratuitously at Warrington, on the 19th of June, to a house containing 800. It is said he had recovered his strength, and was on his way to London to prepare for the stage once more.

It is said that Miss Stephens is about to retire from public life after the present season, having made an ample fortune.

**TO THE PUBLIC.**

MISS E. presents wishing to protect their lives and property from the effects of lightning, to which they are exposed, to purchase the only and best security of the year, can be supplied with points light with Fintona, and other metal, gilt, by calling on

J. P. WARNER,  
No. 18, Great Marlborough Street,  
who has the honor to ask his patrons

aug 11-58

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